

Characters

Edward Aloysius Younger

Act 1

Act 1, Scene 1

EDWARD

Stillman over there's uncle was a good friend of mine. played with some big bands in his time too. Met him right here on 7th Avenue. . . When I, Edward Aloysius Younger was born, a stork flew over the zoo fence, circled three times and began to climb into the sky. Finally he reached the fleecy clouds that cover the earth. Still he climbed higher and higher. At last, up ahead he saw his destination an Angel standing just outside the pearly gate. The stork was so happy he began to waltz with the Angel and they hooked a diaper with me in it over the stork's bill. The stork started his return journey back to earth. After a long time he reached the hospital where my mother was waiting and he flew thru the window and left me upon her bed. This is how I was born. . .at least this is the version my mother gave me. I use to believe I remembered the whole proceedings and if I concentrated real hard, I could smell the peculiar odor of stork feathers, and hear the wind whistling thru the diaper and the flap-flap-flap of the stork's wings. When I was young I often prayed to the Lord to turn me into a stork. . .so I could. . .so I could get a glimpse of paradise and waltz with an Angel. The floor ain't nothing but a puddle of water, and the wall there, being made of mud, keeps getting soggy & soggy by the minute 'cause the rain keeps pouring down. Edward number two over there, being from around here, he can squat for days. Me, if I don't lean back against something, I roll over like a turtle. Talk about irony, back in my library days my favorite poem was "Lure Of The Tropics". This old timer is talking to this kid: "So, you think you wanta go to the tropics, and you heard all you gotta do is lay in the shade of a coconut glade while the money rolls in to you while the money rolls in to you while the money rolls in to you That's what they told you down at the bureau, hunh Well, let me get your statistics straight. . ." The old timer tells his story. He goes to the tropics and hits bottom. "I sunk as low as a man can go who travels on an empty purse. . ." He gets shipwrecked. "The other two of the good ships crew were converted into shark." Finally he meets and marries a princess. . .anyway, in her veins was the blood of Inca Kings. Then one day while the oldtimer was away from the cabin, a guy sneaks in and kills his princess because she was pure and good. Boy! I read that poem at least once every Saturday. "All I had left was a primitive will to find him and kill and kill. Over chicle camps and log wood swamps I hunted him many a moon." "Then I found my man in a long pit-pan, at the edge of a blue lagoon. The chase was o'er at the farther shore I ended a two year quest. And I left him there With an empty stare And my knife stuck in his chest. At the end of the poem the old timer sums up his life for the kid. "There's a homestead down in an old maine town and there're lilacs 'round the gate. And the night wind whispers it might have been but the answer had come to late. For whatever you play, whatever the way, whether the stakes are large or small, The lure of the tropics gathers it in and the dealer gets it all." Did you see that? They went by like he wasn't even there. Not a thin dime, I know money don't grow on trees but, every pump needs priming. People sure are something else sometimes. Maybe it's the dread of the nuclear holocaust, I don't know. But folks seem colder than they used to. Folks walk right thru you, walk past you like they don't see you at all. Winston Churchill says writing a book is like the three parts of a love affair. I can't really say about the book writing part, but love affairs is something I know about. Anyway, my Dad got killed trying to collect one of Mr' Goldman's rents, and since my mother had enough mouths to feed without me, I had my excuse to escape. Escape. . .well you see my nostrils had grown pretty delicate, with all that Saturday matinee reading. A classis case of heightened sensibilities. I sniffed around the South Side of Chicago, but I found no Holy Grail, or any primitive innocence, no storks dancing. As you can see at the time I was pretty heavy into King Arthur and Margaret Mead. Anyway, I decided I'd go South, to the Gulf of Mexico, Galveston or Miami, catch a boat from there for Havana or the Yucatan. . . Well, I got as far as Steubenville Ohio. It was getting dark, just at twilight on the outskirts of town when this big truck with this huge guy, with tufts of red hair coming out of his nose and ears pulled up and leaned out of the cab: "Hey, boy. . ." I said "Boy. . .how big do men get where you're coming from?" "I'm sorry kid. . .I didn't mean no offense, you just look so young. How old are you anyhow?" "I'm seventeen". He said, "Where're you goin'?" I said, "The Gulf of Mexico." He said, "Great, climb in." So I got in. Red said I appeared beat and invited me to lay down on the bed up behind the front seat and get some shuteye. So I crawled up on the cot and fell asleep. The next thing I knew there was this light shining in my face. . . It was the POLICE! They said, "What's going on here?" Red said, "Nothing but the breeze." They say, "You sure you're not carrying any contraband?" Red said, "Officers look, If I was doing anything illegal, do you think I would have that kid in the up there asleep? I'd have some gorilla with a shotgun next to me here on the front seat." "Well, that makes sense", the cops say, "but we think we oughta check it out anyway", and they start toward the back of the truck. "Hey. . .er. . .wait a minute", Red called. "Look, I'm in a rush", he said, and he slips each officer a ten. "Well, unh, we see what you mean", they apologize for troubling him, and let us go. We're driving along up this hill and we come around this bend. Red said, "smell the water?" I said, "Yeah. . ." The road starts running along this high narrow cliff. He said, "We're

almost there!" I said, "Almost there? I thought it took two days to get down to the Gulf of Mexico?" He says, "You were tired". I said, "Oh. . .Well. . .er. . .what was that back there anyhow?" He said, "Oh, I don't know. I heard there's a gang war over territory. There's some bad guys bootlegging or something. . ." BOOM! BOOM! . . .Just then two right tires on the truck blew out, we just managed to make it to the curb. Down over the cliff, far far below, I could hear the rocks arguing with the surf. Anyway, Red had just changed the first tire, and I was standing there with inner tube number two all pumped and primed and ready to go. Red's bending down 'an just then three men emerge from the darkness, carrying guns and wearing those mobster hats with the big brims. Red said, "Wow, those are some of Fatty Kalawalski's guys. I'll handle it. Don't say nothin'." DON'T SAY NOTHIN'? I DIDN'T KNOW NOTHIN!!! Red straightens up, steps forward trying to grin, and he says, "Look fellas, I can ex. . ." BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Each mobster pumped a slug into him. Red was as thick as an oak tree but, the bullets were so big they went clean thru him, I mean they went in and back out again. One got him in the stomach, one got him in the heart, and one got him in the head. He fell over dead. Big brim number one says, "What about the kid? I figure he don't know nothin' I suppose we ought to let him go." Big brim number two says, "Why take a chance?" I didn't wait for Big brim number three to vote. I jumped off the cliff. I fell, fell, fell, for an eternity. Now I didn't know what was down THERE, but I knew what was UP THERE! I hit.WATER! I began to flail around, my hands touched something gigantic and rubbery. A monster! No, a shark!!! A SHARK!!! No, it was the inner tube. The lovely, wonderful, glorious, inner tube. So I climbed in and I floated all night. Toward morning I see this faint fiber of lights, this long thin clothesline of pearls. I figured I must be in Havana or the Yucatan. . . "Que pasa. . .Anede. . .Caliente. . .Amigo?. . .Ariba. . .Buenos Dias!!" Way off I could see somebody holding up their hand. Not moving or anything, just signaling. By their size I realize they couldn't be more than a block away. . . A block later they didn't seem much closer, only bigger and they hadn't moved a muscle either. They started to seem [...]familiar[...] too. But who'd I know in the Yucatan? A mile later it was still the same story bigger and bigger. I figured I must be delirious. Yeah, that was it. Naw, that takes a week, I knew I hadn't been paddling THAT long. Suddenly I realized what I was peering at. Every immigrants mom. Missus liberty herself. Red had lied to me! He hadn't taken me to no Beaumont Texas or Key Largo. I wasn't in the Gulf of Mexico. He'd taken me to New Jersey! I was floating down the Hudson. I staggered ashore down around Mott Street. The minute my toe touched Manhattan granite I knew I had found my true home. I was re-born. Just then pink started scratching the sky. This was it. N`Y`C` was me. New York at dawn. A million hearts start to yawn.

Act 1, Scene 2

THE SUN COMES SWAGGERING ACROSS THE HARBOR AND KISSES THE LADY WAITING IN THE NARROWS AND SHE ALREADY PLENTY SHAKY STANDS THERE JUST BLUSHING, CLUTCHING THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

EDWARD

NEW YORK CITY!!! "Gotcha" "Where To Kid? . . . A HUNDRED & TWENTY-FIFTH STREET!!!" "Fresh As A Daisy." "You Have The Right To Remain. . ." "SILENT." "Try It." NEW YORK, A million nooks and crannies. . . A thousand scenarios. . . Exxxxxxcitement!!! "Corner Pocket." Oh boy, Gotham and Gomorrah. The city was me. I was a young hippy-dippy, called 'em be-boppers back then. The Savoy was still around and Birdland was just comin' in. I saw everything. "Hi, Big Boy!. . .Lips, Hips, or Fingertips?" I was living. Course, jobs were pretty slow for the first year or two. But that didn't matter. Yeah, I was broke but I didn't care. I was livin' on excitement and thin air. And then I saw her. My urban princess. . .my dream Robbie Jean. You know it's funny how you can carry the image of somebody in your heart and not even be aware that it's there until it crystalizes before you. Robbie Jean was the finest thing I had ever seen. Robbie Jean was everything a man could want and she was as lovely inside as she was beautiful outside.

Act 1, Scene 3

IT WAS LIKE A SPARROW KISSING MORNING WITH ITS SINGING LIKE A POET, TURNING SOME FUNKY RHYME INTO A WORK OF ART. I WANNA THANK YOU FOR YOUR TENDER UNDERSTANDING THE WAY YOU TOUCH MY HAND AND GENTLY WARM MY HEART.

BROKE AND ALL ALONE IN NEW YORK CITY THE HEAT WAS BAD AND MY T`V` WAS GOIN' ON THE BLINK. I CALLED UP A FRIEND 'CAUSE I WAS LOOKIN' FOR A PARTY ONE WHERE THEY WERE GIVIN' OUT FREE DRINKS.

WELL I WAS SIPPIN' GIN AND TONIC WHEN I FIRST SAW YOUR FACE 'CAUSE YOU HAD A SMILE THAT LIT THE WHOLE ROOM AND A PAIR OF BIG BOW-LEGS

IT WAS LIKE A SPARROW, KISSIN' MORNING WITH ITS SINGING LIKE A POET, TURNING SOME FUNKY

RHYME INTO A WORK OF ART. I WANNA THANK YOU FOR YOUR TENDER UNDERSTANDING THE WAY YOU TOUCH MY HAND AND GENTLY WARM MY HEART.

WHEN THE YEARS HAVE TURNED OUR HAIR TO SILVER AND OUR KIDS ARE GROWN UP MARRIED OFF AND MOVED AWAY. I WON'T MAKE LOVE TO YOU AS OFTEN AS I USETA' BUT WHEN I DO I KNOW IT'LL WORK O'K'

WE'LL HANG ON IN THRU THICK AND THIN GIRL YEAH, WE'LL MAKE IT ALL THE WAY 'CAUSE YOU GOT A SMILE THAT LIGHTS THE WHOLE WORLD AND A PAIR OF BIG BOW-LEGS

IT WAS LIKE A SPARROW KISSING MORNING WITH IT'S SINGING LIKE A POET TURNING SOME FUNKY RHYME INTO A WORK OF ART. I WANNA THANK YOU FOR YOUR TENDER UNDERSTANDING THE WAY YOU TOUCHED MY HAND AND GENTLY WARMED MY HEART THE WAY YOU TOUCHED MY HAND AND GENTLY WARMED MY HEART.

EDWARD

Well, Robbie Jean and me didn't quite make it to the silver haired part, but we did end up by starting out to set up light housekeeping on St' Nicholas Place. In the meantime a tribulation came along and drew us real close. Her baby brother, who folks figured was the hope of the neighborhood, got swallowed by the street. Anyway, I was crazy about Robbie Jean and she was crazy about me. Then I began to get the itch about feeling so cozy. . . Well, thats not exactly true, I began to feel like I oughta be getting the itch, which is worse. Love and warmth, even riches and gold can't stand up against wanting to find the Holy Grail and longing for immortality . . .especially if you're short in the riches and gold department. How about Shangri-la, and noble innocence and daring deeds? How about that footprint of mine in the sands of time? Or as Walt Whitman would say Leaves of Grass, Song of myself, Psalm 44. The clock indicates the moment, but what does eternity indicate? We have thus far exhausted trillions of winters and summers and there are trillions ahead and trillions ahead of them. The life span of man is only a second, a blink but when that blink that second is all we got and you feel it dripping through your fingers. . . What do you do when every ticking of the time clock is agony? First you find someplace to lay the tragic weight of your cancerous mortality. Joy makes you uneasy and that which brings joy is the enemy. With every trickle of every grain of sand thru the hour glass of time you can feel the walls jest squeezing in stomping on your aspirations. It can make you mean.

Act 1, Scene 4

THERE MY SWEET PATOOTIE THERE MY GOOCHIE WOODIE THERE MY DARLING PRINCESS THERE MY WONDERFUL EVERYTHING MY NEST, MY CALM, MY LOVELY MY SHELTER FROM THE RAIN

THERE YOU GOT IT BABY THERE HONEY WORK THAT THING THERE AIN'T NOBODY LIKE YOU HERE SUGAR EVERYTHING THAT'S FRIDAY NIGHT TALKING AND GOOD OLD SATURDAY SOMETIMES EVEN SUNDAY . . .MONDAY. . .

YOU BACK OUT THERE ON THE MAN'S STRING AGAIN HAWK CHECKIN' OUT YOUR RIBS PICK UP THIS PUT DOWN THAT DO WHAT YOU TOLD AIN'T NO CALORIES OUT HERE FOR NO BLACK SOULS.

THERE/ CAUSE YOUR MOMMAS NEW BOY FRIEND BROKE THE STEREO THERE/ FOR NOT PLAYIN' THE NUMBER LIKE I TOLD YOU THERE/ FOR ALL THAT EXPENSIVE CRAP YOU BE CRAVIN' THAT'S FOR NUMBER TWOING WHILE I'M STILL SHAVIN' THAT'S FOR ALWAYS SIGNIFYING TRYING TO UNDERMINE MY JONES LYING ON YOUR BEHIND

NOT LEAVING ME ALONE.

THERE/ I AIN'T SCARED OF NOBODY YOU KNOW THERE/ DON'T YOU THINK I CAN SEE THERE/ I DON'T TAKE THAT STUFF FROM THEM OR YOU THAT'S FOR ALWAYS POKING OUT YOUR CHOPS AT ME NOBODY GOT SALT ON MY TAIL NOBODY GOT SALT ON MY TAIL IT'S ALIE I CAN FLY ANYTIME ANYTIME I GET READY

THERE, COME ON NOW THERE, I WAS JUST PLAYING THERE, DON'T PAY NO ATTENTION TO WHAT I WAS SAYING HERE, LET ME KISS IT PLEASE GET UP NOW IT'LL BE FRIDAY SOON AND WE'LL FLY TO THE MOON HERE LET ME KISS IT THERE BAD BAD BOO BOO THERE LET DADDY KISS IT THERE LEAVE ON THE LIGHTS YEAH, ROACHES BE GETTING ON THE TABLE AND TAKING OVER EVERYTHING IF YOU

DON'T LEAVE THE LIGHTS ON

THERE YEAH THERE LET ME KISS IT THERE. . .

EDWARD

I was sinking into domesticity. I had to fish or cut bait. But I needed a good rationalization to leave. I didn't want to use no jive reason. Not for Robbie Jean I mean, she wasn't like that, she'd have let me go. I mean for my own self-esteem. Then one Sunday afternoon, just like that the alibi fell dead into my lap. We were sitting around without anything special to do and Robbie Jean says, "Hey, how would you like to go down to midtown to meet my uncle?" I said sho! Right over there, on Seventh Avenue where Stillman is standing now. There wasn't anything in his cap either. What he was playing was cool but it obviously had no commercial value. But he had this blissful expression on his face, the one churchgoers call inner peace. He seemed crazy as a loon to me. That was it! INSANITY IN THE FAMILY!!! You can't blame a man for not wanting to marry into some lunatic clan now, can you? Now that I thought about it there was always something a little weird about the rest of her kin too. And how about that weak baby brother? No way Right? Anyway, to make a long story short, the second I acquitted my conscience I made a bee-line for Brokeland and the Merchant Marine

(Brooklyn)

hiring hall. I was gonna get my card. Standing there in the hiring hall with all those guys, flexing their muscles and bumping into each other and rolling their shoulders. . .A mob frenzy of masculinity. . .a universe of tattoos and wrought iron arms. It didn't seem like there were any women in the world at all. Like women didn't even exist. Yet, they all had a mama at sometimes or other. Maybe she was somewhere fixing supper and praying for them like my mama used to do for my two brothers, my sister and me.

Act 1, Scene 5

LORD, I'M NOT QUESTIONING YOUR MAJESTIC WONDERS TO PERFORM BUT, SINCE YOU GAVE ME SUCH A STEEP WAY TO RUN CAN'T YOU FIX IT FOR MY BABIES SOME? I KNOW YOU'RE ONLY TESTING LORD, BUT PLEASE STOP TESTING JUST THIS ONE TIME.

JESUS, SEEMS LIKE YOU ALWAYS GO OUT FOR COFFEE BREAK WHEN A BLACK PRAYER IS NEXT IN LINE.

"JUST TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THAT HAMBONE LEROY YOU JUST HOLD UP THERE 'TIL I'M FINISHED BOY, WHILE I'M TRYIN' TO FIX IT WITH THE SAVIOR FOR YOU."

LORD, YOU KNOW AND I KNOW THEY SURE WERE FOOLIN' DRUNK OR SOMETHING

WHEN THEY NAMED THAT GAME COON CAN, 'CAUSE HERE'S MY SOUL TO HEAVEN, A BLACK WOMAN SURE CAN'T. SINCE THEY'RE HOLDIN' ALL THE ACES GIVE MY BABIES A PEEK IN THEIR HAND.

"YOU JUST KEEP YOUR EYES OFF THE COBBLER, CHERYL YOU JUST HOLD UP THERE 'TIL I'M FINISHED GIRL WHILE I'M TRYIN' TO FIX IT WITH THE SAVIOR FOR YOU."

LORD, GIVE THEM THE SMARTS TO LOOK DUMB WHEN THE WELFARE LADY COME AND WHEN SHE STARTS HER POT PEEKIN' TO MAKE SURE YOU AIN'T DOIN' NO FANCY EATIN' AND WHEN THE MAN AT THE 'PLOYMENT OFFICE STARTS HINTIN' YOU BEEN CHEATIN'

"JUST YOU STOP FIDDLIN NEAR THE BISCUITS MILTON JUST YOU HOLD UP THERE TIL I'M FINISHED SON WHILE I'M TRYIN' TO FIX IT WITH THE SAVIOR FOR YOU."

LORD, MY DAYS ARE NUMBERED LIKE THE BOOK SAY WON'T BE HERE ALWAYS OH, LORD PLEASE TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE CROWS LORD CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT'S BLACK FOR DOVES. YOU GOT TO HELP ME LORD, ALL I GOT IS THIS TIRED OLE' MOTHERS LOVE.

"DEVIL GETS ALL YOUNGUNS THAT DON'T LISTEN YOU JUST HOLD UP THERE TIL I'M FINISHED CHILLUNS WHILE I'M TRYIN' TO FIX IT WITH THE SAVIOR FOR YOU."

IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST. AMEN.

EDWARD

Anyway, I got my Merchant Marine card and I was off like somebody with a medieval curse on his tail or something... And that's how I ended up in this ole' mud hut waiting for morning to come to get blasted into smithereens by some firing squad. I saw all the world though, yes I did, I saw the Caribbean naturally I saw South America, I saw the Orient, I saw Rome, I saw London, I saw Stockholm, I saw "Gay Parisee..." In fact, in Paris is where I pulled my Judas act, let down the race and disgraced the N A A C P. I'd been in Paris about two weeks, and I was broke and I hadn't met no lady friends yet, and since I wasn't saved at this time and the sins of the flesh were still with me and times were as hard as Chinese Arithmetic, if you know what I mean. But anyway, one evening I had finally gotten this damsel up to my room... well, maybe she wasn't a damsel but she was still breathing. Anyway things were going along pretty smooth...I had her down to...you know her garter belt and frilly things and I had off my shirt and shoes...er...but, as it happens sometimes, an awkward moment arrived. And it was very awkward, since I didn't speak no French and she didn't speak English all that much. Well, we was trying to find some innocuous but sophisticated way to continue, when she spied my sole possession at the time one of those little 'ole half-toy portable record players. She noticed it...' "Oh, voila...la musique..." I said, "Yeah...er...La musique." Well, I only had one record, it happened to be an ole' beat up forty-five of the Modern Jazz Quartet's recording of "Willow Weep For Me". So I went over and put it on. It started to play... I don't want to say too much, I'm not Fred Astaire but on the other hand in the foot department, I ain't bad either. So we started to dance... "Willow Weep For Me...glide" "Willow Weep For Me...glide" I was just gettin' ready to do my extra-special windy city back dip when she pushes me away and starts jabbering about..."je suis francaise... no Raciste!" I say "cool, cool" and reach for her again. She pushes me away I said, "Lady what's the matter with you?" She says, "Dance." I say, "What do you think we were doing?" She says, "...black...white...all the same." I said, "cool", and reach for her. She wiggles away getting furious. Suddenly I see my whole...er, my whole situation being blown...er I suppose blown is er...misleading...er I see my whole situation going up in smoke, and I don't know what to do. I say, "Whatsa matter lady?" She says, "I would love to see it, don't be ashamed. Donnez moi la dance de votre tribu!" "Lady", I say, "You're not getting thru to me." She said, "Donnez moi la dance de votre tribu!" I say, "What? Lady would you please break that down for me?" She says, "I want you to show me the dance of your tribe..." "TRIBE!" "Lady, I'm from Chicago!" She was gettin' madder and madder and she started looking around for her skirt. I didn't know what to do. Well, look I know what Frederick Douglas would have done...I know that I should have stood up for racial nobility... But two weeks is two weeks. I started wracking my brains trying to think up something ethnic to do, the only thing I could remember was those old Jeff Chandler movies they show on late night T`V`, you know the ones where he plays Cochise? So I gave her my Indian rain dance special. What did I have to lose? So I started dancin' around, feeling like a fool...WHOO...WHOO... I glance over at the lady and she was unbuttoning her bra... "WHOO-WHOO-WHOO-WHOO! WHOO-WHOO-WHOO-WHOO!" Well, I rain danced that lady right into her Birthday suit! She said, "Cheri..." I said, "YOU GOT IT!" Well I never claimed to be perfect! But I saw the whole world and I got to be the master of lovin' and leavin' 'em. You see, when Winston Churchill was philosophizing, he spent most of his time talking about part one and part two, but that's the easy part. Part three's... leavin' 'em, ending it...that's the tough part! I got to be a Judo specialist of the heart. Well, I got it down so pat that I could leave a woman and make her feel as if she was the one who left me! Don't laugh, no sir, now that's not an easy thing to do, and we would still be friends. If you're cool, I just might show you. I've left women all over this world, I'm tellin' you. At train stations, at airports, at boat docks... "Eh, look mama-san, papa-san...er gotta split-a-san ...buy MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU." "Eh, Senora...excuse me baby I'm sorry I'm a little late but er...you see I had some packing to do. I gotta go away. I know that ain't what I said yesterday, things just didn't work out that way. Hey, but dig sugar, here's a truth you can clutch next to you, dig what I'm saying, one thing always...MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU." "Hey, baby its 98 and 2 me and you, that's a hundred, that's a whole big number that's US. And I'd be here 'til my dying day. Don't pay no attention to what your ugly girlfriends might say. I wouldn't budge for all eternity but you see the cat waving, that's my boss, I gotta go...It's my J-O-B. But remember one thing always sugar... MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU.

Act 1, Scene 6

EDWARD

MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU "FIRST THING YOU GO IN BODACIOUS ON 'EM YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN? GET 'EM OFF BALANCE..." "FOREVER WE IS THRU I DON'T MEAN JUST YESTERDAY I MEAN TODAY AND TOMORROW TOO BUT MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU..." "NEXT, YOU LAY THE GUILT TRIP ON 'EM..." "OTHERS HAVE DONE AND WILL DO MORE FOR ME THAN YOU'LL EVER DO GIMME THAT HAND IN THE DEDA OF NIGHT THAT SMILE WHEN THINGS JUST DON'T GO RIGHT BUT MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU..." "THEN YOU ACCUSE 'EM OF BEIN' A VIXEN, AIN'T NO WOMAN IN THE WORLD CAN RESIST BEING CALLED A VIXEN." "YOU AIN'T NEVER DREW A FAITHFUL BREATH IN YOUR LIFE AND I KNOW IT, LORD-LORD-LORD-LORD DON'T I KNOW IT, I AIN'T GON' BE YOUR FOOL AND YOU WON'T DO RIGHT BUT MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU..." "THERE IS A LAST STOP-GAP MEASURE THAT WILL NEVER LET YOU DOWN YOU GROVEL A LITTLE BIT AND COP A PLEA..." "EVERYNIGHT, BEFORE I GO TO SLEEP

OR IF I GETS MY HEAD BAD ON SOME SNEAKY PETE, I LOOKS UP AND GUESS WHAT I SEE WELL, ANYBODY OUT THERE WHO EVER HAD A HURTING JONES KNOWS WHAT I SEE, 'CAUSE MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU." "MY LOVE MY LOVE MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU."

(Ad Libs with audience)

Example: [Hold it, as sure as God made little green apples some of you folks out there are gonna try this and I don't think you've got it pat. I said I was gonna show it to you, but I suppose a little education is a dangerous thing. But I'll give you some quick O`J`T` on the job training, O`K`? Come on now let's get it together guys.. "MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU ummmm MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU ummmm..." You out there ain't ya'?

(Yeah...)

Well, this is gonna come in handy someday, not with your present date of course, but it's gonna come in handy someday, let's go...] "MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU ummmm MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU ummmm..." All right now...Good fellas. Now O`K` Ladies, I haven't forgotten about you. Let's give it a shot. And the Ladies know that they will never use this, this is to humor the artiste...O`K` Ladies humor me, humor me... "MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU ummmm MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU ummmm..." O`K` so I'll go up an octave..." "MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU ummmm MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU ummmm..." Boy somebody's gonna be in a world of trouble out there! Now I want everybody to concentrate. You too fellas, This will stand you in good stead someday now... O`K` wind back the tape

(action on stage reverses)

All right now...concentrate, Let's do it..." "MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU ummmm MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU ummmm..." Look pitiful, that's part of it, sincerity is the key..." "MY LOVE BELONGS..." Hold it...Hold it...White folks ain't exempt! If you're all timid just glance to the side and the Colored folk will be on the 2 & 4...O`K`? But you gotta sing, Here we go... "MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU ummmm MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU ummmm..." I'm beginning to believe ya'll so I know you're getting it... Look pitiful...think sincere... "MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU ummmm..." You're on your own now...]" end of audience ad lib example "Hey mister, notice the cap please." Did you see that? That's got to be the fifteenth-umpteenth person that passed him by and not a penny! "I know about Reganomics, too!" "But in the meantime, you know, you do need money." In fact at a certain moment in my life I decided that it was time I should achieve what they call fiscal stability. In fact, that's how I got there. I read this ad in a Swiss newspaper, it said: "FABULOUS OPPORTUNITY SALESMAN WANTED." "Er...anybody got a match?"

(ad lib)

Anyway, I applied and they took me right away and the man said I was gonna get my own brand new territory. The man promised I would be very happy. He said "THE MONEY IS GONNA ROLL IN TO YOU." Now that sounded familiar, I couldn't place it right away though. Not until it was to late...that old poem back in my library reading days. Well, anyway this territory turned out to be so new they hadn't even re-named it yet. In fact they hadn't even finished fighting over there yet. This little town I was sent to, they had these two vicious armies battling up and down taking turns occupying the town. Well, the commandant of the Army, call it Army "A", occupying the town when I got there, the Commandant of Army "A" had this little girlfriend. Same old story... One day, she thought he was out fighting Army "B" and wasn't expecting his company. Anyway, he comes back unexpectedly and knocks on the door and she wasn't...let's see how can I put this...er, she wasn't in a position to let him in. He gets very angry and bangs again. Still no dice. Luckily for her guest she lived on the first floor 'cause he orders his troops to break it in. KLAM-KLAM-CRASH..... Her visitor jumps out the window, just as the commandant and his troops came crashing thru the door. The commandant doesn't see who it is, but he hears his lady love scream: "RUN EEDWWAAARDDDD!!" Well...unfortunately, I'm also an Edward, that's what I'm trying to tell you. His lady love was so pretty, the Commandant didn't have the heart to bruise his rivals identity out of her. So old softheart took an alternate solution. He told his Sargeant to round up all the Edwards in the entire territory, every last one...and shoot 'em. I had hardly gotten thru customs, I had barely gotten up the steps to my hotel room. I hadn't even unpacked bag number one when the corporal, the Sargeant's flunky, was pounding on my door. Well, any fool can tell you some knocks you answer and some knocks you DON'T. There were seven in our execution squad. The dufus ole' corporal, and his master the Sargeant, the meanest man I've ever seen. He had this big gold ring in his nose he stroked whenever he was pleased. There were four other Edwards and. . .me!

Act 1, Scene 7

EDWARD

THEY'RE WERE FIVE EDWARDS IN ALL. . . THEY'RE WERE FIVE EDWARDS IN ALL. . . THEY'RE WERE FIVE EDWARDS IN ALL. . . AND NUMBER FIVE WAS ME! THEY WERE PUSHING AND A'SHOVING US OUT OF TOWN HERDING US OVER TOWARDS THE KILLING GROUND AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT EDWARD NUMBER ONE COMES FROM THE SAME TRIBE AS THE CORPORAL AND COPS A HEAVY PLEA. . .A VERY HEAVY PLEA. . . "YOU'RE GONNA SHOOT US AND I AGREE BUT LET ME GO SAY GOOD-BYE TO MY MOTHER DEAR SOON THESE BONES WILL BE DUST AND MY VILLAGE IS SO NEAR. . ." TO PROLONG THE AGONY THE SARGEANT AGREES WELL, WE GET TO THE VILLAGE AND EDWARD NUMBER ONE TELLS HIS KINFOLK ABOUT THE UPCOMING JUDGEMENT DAY. THEY SAY, "WHAT WILL BE WILL BE. LETS HAVE A PARTY. A GOING AWAY PARTY!" WHAT HONOR, WHAT NOBILITY. . .WHAT SAVAGE SENSE OF DESTINY. HE SAYS HE'S GONNA DIE AT DAWN AND THEY SAY LETS HAVE A PARTY. WELL, I FIGURED AT NIGHTFALL DURING THE FESTIVITIES, I WOULD GET MY SPACE. BUT THEN THE VILLAGE ELDER ASSEMBLED US 5 EDWARDS LOOKED US DEAD IN THE FACE, AND SAID: "GRACE OF THE SARGEANT YOU HAVE ONE LAST NIGHT OF LIBERTY IF YOU PROMISE, IF YOU SWEAR, IF YOU AGREE NOT TO TRY TO ESCAPE." THEY AGREE, WE AGREE, I AGREE. AS SOON AS I GET EDWARD NUMBER 1 ALONE I SAY: "HEY BRER, WHEN ARE WE GONNA MAKE OUR BREAK?"

HE SAYS

"OH FOREIGN FRIEND THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE. WHERE IS YOUR INTEGRITY . . . WHERE IS YOUR NOBILITY? TO MY PEOPLE A PROMISE IS A SACRED BOND WITH HEAVEN. YOU HAVE AGREED AND THERE IS NO ESCAPE. DON'T MONKEY AROUND WITH DESTINY, MY FRIEND! THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE!!!"

END OF ACT ONE

Act 2

Act 2, Scene 1

Evening. . .

EDWARD

The tribesmen were super kind to the other 4 Edwards and me. They asked each one of us what we wanted to be in the hereafter, and even made us appropriate costumes for the upcoming party. Naturally, TA RA TA-TA. . .I Choose a Stork! For me? Oh, thank-you, The keys to the village pour moi. What primitive hospitality! What savage simplicity! . . .I felt so ashamed of my big city duplicity, so ashamed of my decadent, slimy, civilized ways, just a few hours ago, even after giving my word, still considering escape. Never mind my life was at stake. Well, at least I'd found the primitive purity and honor I'd always been seeking. . . I couldn't help wishing it was a less costly discovery. BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM-PA Evening comes. . .party time nears The natives grow restless. . . BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM-PA You want to know what a savage party is like? Ya wanta know or dontcha? O`K`, Well a savage party is just like any other party. People are the same the world over, the same scene. It don't matter whether you're wearing feathers or gabardine What's a savage party like really? Drop the temperature a few degrees and shift the beat. . . BOOM TA TA BOOM TA TA And you got your basic Long Island party!

Act 2, Scene 2

WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS

EDWARD

HEY THERE UNCLE MOE I DIDN'T KNOW IN SPITE OF ALL THE TOLL THAT LIFE HAS TAKEN YOU STILL CAN HAVE YOUR FUN. AND LOOK AT MY AUNT FRANCES THAT OLD GIRL STILL DANCES LIKE A YOUNGER CHICK OF TWENTY-ONE THERE'S COUSIN CONNIE AND COUSIN KENNY THEY LOOK SHARP, BUT THEY HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO SAY AND LITTLE COUSIN RONNIE'S OVER SIX FEET TALL AND HE'S GETTING MARRIED TODAY. AND WE ONLY MEET AT WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS, WHENEVER THEY FALL IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS WE WOULDN'T KNOW EACH OTHER AT ALL. NOW THERE'S MY UNCLE HYMIE, IS IT SUCH A CRIME HE STILL HAS EVERY DIME HE EVER MADE AND THERE'S AUNT ROSE, EVERYBODY KNOWS SHE ONLY SMILES WHEN TALKING ABOUT THE HORSES SHE'S PLAYED. UNCLE HAROLD AND MY COUSIN LYNN THEY

COULDN'T MAKE IT IN I GUESS THEY WERE TIRED OF THE SHOW IF YOU'RE ASKING 'BOUT MY FATHER, YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T BOTHER WE BURIED HIM SIX YEARS AGO. . . AND WE ONLY MEET AT WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS, WHENEVER THEY FALL IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS WE WOULDN'T KNOW EACH OTHER AT ALL. . . THE GRANDMAS, THE GRANDPAS, THE CHILDREN THE QUESTIONS THAT NEVER SEEM TO END THE ANSWERS JUST KEEP ON REPEATING THEMSELVES OVER AND OVER AGAIN WELL NOW MY BROTHER STANLEY, WHAT HE DID WAS MANLY SENT A NOTE THAT SAID HE HAD TO STAY HOME WITH THE FLU AND WHAT ABOUT MY MOTHER, THERE'S JUST NO OTHER LADY AS WARM AND AS TRUE HEY THERE'S MY COUSIN LESLIE, EVERYBODY SAYS SHE PLAYS AROUND WITH ALL KINDS OF MEN. AND AS FOR ME, OF COURSE, AFTER MY DIVORCE I'M GETTING MARRIED AGAIN. AND WE ONLY MEET AT WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS, WHENEVER THEY FALL IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS WE WOULDN'T KNOW EACH OTHER, AT ALL SAVE THE PIECES FOR ME PUT 'EM IN A JEWELRY BOX TIE 'EM WITH RIBBONS AND OLD MEMORIES PUT 'EM IN A DRAWER WITHOUT LOCKS BOOM TA TA BOOM TA TA TA. . . I struggled to push the coming dawn out of my mind. . . it looked like I might be receiving some help in that line. 'Cause as the evening wore on, the missionary influence was wearing off. But I couldn't get the picture of Red with the slugs ripping through me, I mean him, out of my head. My honor said stick around but my feet were talking escape the pounding was driving me crazy I offered my services to the festivities to keep myself busy they accepted and said they're gonna make a bartender out of me But instead this guy with this big funky knife pushes this mangy old goat into my arms and tells me to bend back its head so we can slit its throat YUK City! Just then I notice the villagers starting to line up with gourds and mugs and wooden cups. "Look, my friend, I'd like to help you, but I've got my clientele to take care of." He just grins. . . I start looking around for a jug from which to serve my customers I don't see any. . . "Hey chief", I say, "what we drinking anyway?" He says, "GOATS BLOOD". I said, "SAY WHAT!!!"

BLACK OUT

(sex sounds, kisses and giggles)

"Yeah sugar, ha-ha. . ." Morning. . . Young and single and ready to mingle MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU MY LOVE BELONGS TO YOU er. . . after you get past the "Goats Blood", it was just like any other party. . . it was so peaceful in the country in the morning. Then I realized why it was so quiet. There was Edward number two. . . Edward number 3. . . number 4. . . the Sargeant the corporal and yours truly. But Edward number one, noble Edward, and his entire tribe including my new sweet patootie had run away! Suddenly I understood the savage hospitality. It was a set-up! All the time I thought I was a STORK, I wasn't nothing but a TURKEY! The Sargeant was furious. He double-timed us over to get killed. He and the corporal start lining us up. Suddenly, they discover we're surrounded by army "B". Army number "B" rushes in, they capture us, they're just getting ready to give us the third degree, when the airforce of army "A", the Commandant's airforce, an old WW II trainer with a machine gun buckled on the side comes over the hill strafing. RAT TAT TAT Everyone dives for cover. The plane wobbles off and disappears into the trees. Suddenly Edward number 3 and Edward number 4 jump up and make a dash for liberty across the field, figuring I suppose it was now or never. RAT TAT TAT It was never. I get this idea and I tell our captors, "You don't want to hurt him and us, We're deserters," and I point to the Sargeant and Corporal "we're their prisoners". "O'K'", the leader of army number "B" agrees and he gives me a rifle with two bullets and points back to the Sargeant and Corporal and orders, "SHOOT 'EM!!!" Ha Ha, I grab the rifle. . . the worm has turned. . . my finger is on the trigger, but it won't do it. Just then the Commandant and his troops appear. The two armies face one another, and as they say a conflict ensues. BOOM The battle rages. . . BOOM Anyway. . . BOOM To make a long story short army number "A", the Commandant and his boys win. Now you would think that 24 hours would have cooled his jealous rage wouldn't you? That he'd show a little mercy, wouldn't you. No way. But by this time it was late afternoon and the Commandant, being a stickler for regulations, liked his executions at dawn. I told you I was going to run it down. . . Edward number 1 managed to get into the wind, Edward number 3 and 4 had already met an untimely end. Well, now you know everything. Well, Edward number two and I, yours truly are in this ole' mud hut of a jail with the rain pounding down and the walls getting soggy and soggy, waiting for judgement day to get blown away. When suddenly, leaning back to keep from rolling over like a turtle, like I already explained to you. . . WHAM a chunk of the ole' hut gives way and there was a hole. HALLELUIAH!!! I was just ready to split. . . When Edward number 2, my erstwhile pal over there, pushes me out of the way and dives through instead. . . BAM

(shot)

Now I know what the Lord meant when he said, "The last should be first." As I squatted there staring eternity in the behind I expected to see all kinds of things run through my mind, perhaps the galaxy of beauties I had known. But only one thing came to me, one face, Robbie Jean. Robbie Jean, everything about her kept bobbing up to the surface of my memory, like a rubber duck in a bathtub. She was etched there in my mind and I hadn't even known. I remembered every scene. Ha Ha, I

even remembered her ole' crazy saxophone playing uncle over on Seventh Avenue. There was another scene too, one at the time I pretended I never saw. . . Her Baby Brother.

Act 2, Scene 3

EDWARD

BORN WITH THE FASTEST HANDS HARLEM HAD EVER SEEN FOLKS THOUGHT THEY HAD A STONE DOCTOR J ON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH THE DAY HIS DADDY BREEZED HIS MAMA HAD THIS DREAM THE NETS OR THE KNICKS WOULD BE THEIR TICKET OFF HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN CROSS LENOX HE'D DRIBBLE TEARING ASS IN BETWEEN JITNEY'S, MUGGERS, POTHOLES AND WINE BOTTLES UP HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN HIS JUMP WAS AN ARROW HIS DUNK WAS STRAIGHT AND CLEAN SURE AS A FLUSH JUNKIES CONNECTION ON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN THE FOOL WENT ONE-ON-ONE WITH BIG "H" AND GOT CREAMED FOUND HIM STIFF O'D'ed BACK OF THE RIB JOINT ON HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN HORSE WILL ALWAYS CHEAT YOU CAN'T PLAY BUT LORD HE'S MEAN AIN'T NO REFS CALLING NO FOULS ON HIM EITHER HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN SOMEWHERE STARS ARE SHINING HOPE GOD'S GOT A BOSS TEAM DUDES DON'T LIKE PLAYING 'GAINT NO PUNKS WHEN THEY'RE FROM HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN BORN WITH THE FASTEST HANDS HARLEM HAD EVER SEEN FOLKS THOUGHT THEY HAD A STONE DOCTOR J ON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN No matter how long or short it seems, it finally comes. . . morning. Since I was the only Edward left, they just sent the Dufus ole corporal to take care of me. But, bloodthirsty to the last, the Commandant and the Sargeant were standing in the middle of the parade ground by the munitions dump to bid me farewell. The Commandant, all spit and polish in his jodhpurs and boots, gave me a little salute with his riding stick as I went past. As the Corporal led me away, I glanced back through the receding gates of the compound. I could see the Commandant lighting a big cigar and the Sargeant stroking that gold ring. We didn't get more than fifty feet from the compound. . . BLAM

(explosions)

I saw a familiar jodhpur and boot, and I recognized the Sargeant's nose. . . by the gold ring. The Corporal resumed marching me, he had been the Commandant's slave and the Sargeants lackey and here he was still following orders. It seemed so crazy to me that I was going to be killed for the jealousy of a man that didn't even exist anymore, over something I hadn't even done. I tried to reason with him. . . "Look, when the foot was in the the other shoe, I didn't blast away at you." He just kept on pushing and shoving. We get to what I thought was the killing ground and he kept on shoving and pushing on past the last sentry outpost. Finally we get to this ravine and he tells me, "down there." Then he apologizes to me because he has only got one rag, but he gives me my choice though. He says he'll bind my hands, my feet or blindfold me. I tell him to blindfold me so I can concentrate. The first thing I concentrated up on was that all misery was due to the military mentality, and I hated it. Than I thought I heard the flap of wings, some big bird. Probably an eager vulture, but you know, I wanted to believe it was the stork. Then I thought about, poor me, how I'd never been happy, how I'd never reach Shangri-la. . . Then the thesis of my life struck me and I realized I was lying. I'd had paradise, I'd been happy. I'd just been too blind to believe. I'd loved Robbie Jean and she'd loved me. But blackmailed by my adolescent fantasies I'd let searching become the ends and the means. Of course, I cursed King Arthur and Margaret Mead. It wasn't very profound but it made me feel better. I realized it was a little late for regrets as I stood there with the blood streaming down my pants leg. Blood?! Hey, there hadn't been no bullet yet! Naw, er. . . that wasn't blood. Well, I never claimed to be captain courageous. What was taking him so long? It seemed like an eternity! I began to regret having let the Corporal blindfold me. Slowly, real slowly so he wouldn't think I was trying to pull anything funny I eased my hand up and I eased my blindfold down. As it turned out I wasn't the only one who hated the military mentality. There was the Dufus ole Corporal a mile away going AWOL, arms flapping like some gigantic bird, tossing his equipment every which-a-way. . . I WAS FREE! FREE! FR. . . I took one look down at my dripping pants leg and I decided my Shangri-la searching days, my Holy Grail seeking days, my pilgrimage days were through. I was going to get home somehow. We'd be approaching Kennedy. . . "Attention. . ." That pandora's box of concrete. . . "Extinguish your cigarettes. . ." That jewel, would lay below, winking. . . "Fasten your seatbelts. . ." Coney Island would still be sleeping The boroughs crouching waiting. A soothing graceful turn then the final straightening from the asphalt passion and power vibrating upward embracing me At dawn I hit the City!

Act 2, Scene 4

EDWARD

THE APPLE STRETCHING THE SUN COMES SWAGGERING ACROSS THE HARBOR AND KISSES THE LADY WAITING IN THE NARROWS AND SHE ALREADY PLENTY SHAKY STANDS THERE JUST BLUSHING, CLUTCHING THE TORCH OF LIBERTY UPTOWN, LUIGI WHO DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH SO GOOD IS HAVING

AN ACCIDENT BACKING HIS DUMP TRUCK INTO A FENCE THE TIN CANS GO CLATTERING DOWN THE LANE-A DROWSY BUM THINKS IT'S THUNDER AND PULLS THE NEWS OVER HIS HEAD TO STOP THE RAIN NO IT AIN'T THE JUDGEMENT DAY NO IT AIN'T ARMAGEDDON IT'S JUST THE APPLE STRETCHING AND YAWNING JUST MORNING JUST NEW YORK PUTTIN IT'S FEET ON THE FLOOR DOWN AT THE BATTERY UNDER THE THRUWAY GREASE IS TOSSING GOLDEN RAYS ACROSS THE HIGHWAY AND FISH ARE STARING AT YOU FROM EVERY WHICH-A-WAY DIRTY CRATES HAND CARTS ICE CAKES OLD WEIGHING MACHINES ON THE RADIO THE D'J' IS SAYING "HEY YOU OUT THERE THE COLOR FOR TODAY IS GREEN AND STAY TUNED FOR MORE" UP IN CENTRAL PARK HERDS OF EARLY JOGGERS ARE PRAYING IT'S NOT SO FAR AS THEY COME WADDLIN' POUNDIN' ROUND THE RESERVOIR NO IT AIN'T GHENGIS KAHN NO IT AIN'T THE APOCALYPSE IT'S JUST THE APPLE STRETCHING AND YAWNING JUST MORNING JUST NEW YORK PUTTIN IT'S FEET ON THE FLOOR SUBURBAN REFUGEES FLEEING CRACKED CISTERNS AND WORM RIDDEN FRUIT TREES STREAM OUT OF GRAND CENTRAL PLEASED TO BE BREATHING BAGELS AND POLLUTION AT TIMES SQUARE NEW GRAFFITI, OLD REVOLUTIONS A BAG LADY IS CURSING A WAITER FOR GIVING HER A FREE COFFEE LUCKILY HE'S JUST A JESUS FREAK MOONLIGHTING AT THE ACME DISCOUNT STORE OVER IN QUEENS, THE BURGLAR ALARM STARTS TO SCREAM A COP WHIPS OUT HIS GUN, FIRES ONE THEN YELLS "FREEZE" NO IT AIN'T WORLD WAR FOUR NO IT AIN'T WORLD WAR FOUR IT'S JUST THE APPLE STRETCHING AND YAWNING JUST MORNING JUST NEW YORK PUTTIN IT'S FEET ON THE FLOOR NEARBY THE HUDSON A HOOKER MAKES A U TO HELP A BLIND MAN TO HIS PEW IN THE PARK SOME LONG AGO HOME TRAINING JARS MEMORY AND THE OLD BAG LADY SAYS "THANK YOU", AND CURTSIES A HERD OF BEATEN TOURISTS LIMP HOMEWARD HAVING BITTEN OFF MORE THAN THEY CAN CHEW MOANING THOSE OLD BIG CITY BLUES MISS LIBERTY FORGETS HER QUALMS AND GRINS ANOTHER SUBWAY STARTS RATTLING AND LUIGI'S CANS GO CLATTERING DOWN THE HILL NO IT AIN'T SOME KINDA ILL WIND NO IT AIN'T THE WORLD COMING TO AN END IT'S JUST THE APPLE STRETCHING AND YAWNING JUST MORNING JUST NEW YORK PUTTIN IT'S FEET ON THE FLOOR NEW YORK!!! There was a certain someone I was aching to find. And I figured I knew where I might get me a clue. . .right over there on 7th Avenue. Stillman over there's uncle was a good friend of mine. Played with some big bands in his time too. Met him right here on 7th Avenue. Still not a dime. Darnit! I gotta get this man some gold! Hold it! It's better to lend a candle to a fellow person than to go around cursing the darkness From what I've been told showbiz is always good for a few cents Come on Bro We gonna make the rent.

Act 2, Scene 5

EDWARD

PLAY IT AS IT LAYS THE LOSER KNOWS HE'S LOST LONG BEFORE THE WINNER KNOWS HE'S WON IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THAT WAY THE LEAVER GETS THE MESSAGE AFTER THE LEFTEE WHAT MORE IS THERE TO SAY WHAT MORE IS THERE TO SAY PLAY IT AS IT LAYS OLD BUDDY PLAY IT AS IT LAYS MY FRIEND LOVE'S A BITTER PILL TO SWALLOW BUT IT ALL COMES OUT IN THE END! LORD I SMELL SOMETHING DEAD AND I'M MIGHTY AFRAID THAT IT'S YOUR LOVE FOR ME WELL, I GUESS THAT'S JUST LIFE BEFORE THINGS TURN TO RIPE GUESS I'LL BE ON MY WAY GUESS I'LL BE ON MY WAY PLAY IT AS IT LAYS OLD BUDDY PLAY IT AS IT LAYS MY FRIEND LOVE'S A BITTER PILL TO SWALLOW BUT IT ALL COMES OUT IN THE END YES IT ALL COMES OUT IN THE END! Seven Dollars. . .God Bless Showbiz! Stillman said Robbie Jean was living not far from where we used to be, that she'd been attached and had a coupla kids, but it hadn't worked out and now she was free. It's a long climb back from being a fool. Steps seem awful steep when you've got some crow to eat. It had taken me 48 years to reach 21. I was so frightened I begged heaven for a sign as I pushed the door open. There. . .past the edge of the kitchen table I could see my Robbie Jean, my Holy Grail, my Shangri-la, kneeling down in the john between the bowl and the tub changing the paper. She saw me and straightened up . . . Ah!. . . dropping the toilet paper. And it rolled toward me A poor man's welcoming mat A blue collar red carpet One-Thousand two-ply extra soft squares of pure happiness. Talk about prayers being answered! Scientists say we are all born the same, but somehow women seem to know more about the essence of things. . .maybe it's the macho that plugs our ears or something. Why had it taken me so many years to hear that song Robbie Jean used to sing? Shoulders ain't only for tough stuff, breaking down doors and rolling around. Shoulders are for support. . .to lean on. . . AHMEN!

Act 2, Scene 6

EDWARD

SHOULDERS TO LEAN ON LEAN ON, LEAN ON LEAN ON, LEAN ON YOU KNOW IT AIN'T EASY TO SAY HOW COME YOU LOVE THE ONE YOU DO POETS SAY ITS CAUSE THE SKY IS BLUE AND POINT TO THE

SKY ABOVE AND MAYBE THAT'S TRUE BUT WHEN THINGS GET FUNKY AND THEY DO GET FUNKY IT
AIN'T ABOUT HIS SMILE HIS EYES OR THE WAY HE TIES HIS SHOES IT'S ABOUT HIS SHOULDERS
SHOULDERS TO LEAN ON LEAN ON, LEAN ON LEAN ON, LEAN ON THE GOOD BOOK SAYS WAIT AND
TRUST IN THE HOLY GHOST LORD THAT AIN'T WHAT A GIRL NEEDS MOST AAAH WHAT A LONESOME
OLD ROAD EVERY MAMA POST NEEDS A POPPA PILLAR SOMETIMES WITHOUT LOVE THIS OLD WORLDS
SO MEAN SO ROUGH A GIRL'S GOT A RIGHT TO HAVE A DREAM EVERYBODY NEEDS ONE SHOULDER TO
LEAN ON LEAN ON, LEAN ON LEAN ON, LEAN ON

(ad libs. . .EVERYBODY etc' . . .)

LEAN ON, LEAN ON LEAN ON, LEAN ON SOMETIMES THE LOAD GETS SO HEAVY A MAN CAN'T LIFT IT
ALL ALONE FURTHERMORE CARRY THAT'S WHEN HE NEEDS WHEN HE'S GOTTA HAVE ONE EVERYBODY
NEEDS ONE EVERYBODY NEEDS ONE SHOULDER TO LEAN ON SHOULDER TO LEAN ON

(STORK FLAPS)

BLACKOUT

(CURTAIN)

Act 2, Scene 6

EDWARD

SHOULDERS TO LEAN ON LEAN ON, LEAN ON LEAN ON, LEAN ON YOU KNOW IT AIN'T EASY TO SAY
HOW COME YOU LOVE THE ONE YOU DO POETS SAY ITS CAUSE THE SKY IS BLUE AND POINT TO THE
SKY ABOVE AND MAYBE THAT'S TRUE BUT WHEN THINGS GET FUNKY AND THEY DO GET FUNKY IT
AIN'T ABOUT HIS SMILE HIS EYES OR THE WAY HE TIES HIS SHOES IT'S ABOUT HIS SHOULDERS
SHOULDERS TO LEAN ON LEAN ON, LEAN ON LEAN ON, LEAN ON THE GOOD BOOK SAYS WAIT AND
TRUST IN THE HOLY GHOST LORD THAT AIN'T WHAT A GIRL NEEDS MOST AAAH WHAT A LONESOME
OLD ROAD EVERY MAMA POST NEEDS A POPPA PILLAR SOMETIMES WITHOUT LOVE THIS OLD WORLDS
SO MEAN SO ROUGH A GIRL'S GOT A RIGHT TO HAVE A DREAM EVERYBODY NEEDS ONE SHOULDER TO
LEAN ON LEAN ON, LEAN ON LEAN ON, LEAN ON

(ad libs. . .EVERYBODY etc' . . .)

LEAN ON, LEAN ON LEAN ON, LEAN ON SOMETIMES THE LOAD GETS SO HEAVY A MAN CAN'T LIFT IT
ALL ALONE FURTHERMORE CARRY THAT'S WHEN HE NEEDS WHEN HE'S GOTTA HAVE ONE EVERYBODY
NEEDS ONE EVERYBODY NEEDS ONE SHOULDER TO LEAN ON SHOULDER TO LEAN ON

(STORK FLAPS)

BLACKOUT

(CURTAIN)